DIDOS DEATH.

Translated out of the best *of Latine Poets, into the best of vulgar Languages.*

(***)

By one that hath no name.

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The fourth Booke of VIRGILS ÆNEID.

***

BVt the already hurt heauy-grieu'd Queene,
The wound feeds in her veines of fire vnſeene:
The mans much worth, great honor of the natiõ
Runs in her mind, his lookes, and his relation,
In print ſtick in her thoughts, no reſt griefe yeelds.
Next day with ſun light had ſuruayd the fields,
And from the Pole remoou'd the Dewy ſhade,
When ſhe thus ill in health, well yet ill ſayd
To her owne-minded ſiſter, ſiſter *Anne*,
What dreames fright mee in doubts? who may this Man?
This new gueſt be thus lighted on our Land?
What man-like looks? How ſtout of heart & hand,
He is in faith, faith is not vaine, of Race,
Doubtleſſe diuine, Feare argues ſpirits baſe:
Ah, with what fortunes toſt, what battels fought,
Saw he and ſung? Sure ſetled in my thought
Were it not neuer more wedlocke to proue,
Since I through death alas, loſt my firſt loue,
Did I not lothe ioyes of the mariage bed,
This one time I, perhaps, might fall to wed,
For I'le confeſſe *Nan*, ſince our houſes ſtaine,
My hapleſſe huſband was by brother ſlaine,
This onely man hath mou'd my faltring mind,
And ſtir'd ſome ſparks, markes of old flames I find.

But

P. Virgilij Maronis
AENEID. LIB. IIII.

***

AT Regina graui iamdudum ſaucia cura,
Vulnus alit venis & cæco carpitur igni:
Multa viri virtus animo, multuſq́ recurſat
Gentis honos: hærent infixi pectore vultus,
Verbaq́: nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.
Poſtera Phœbea luſtrabat lampade terras,
Humentemq́ aurora polo dimouerat umbram,
Cum ſic vnanimem alloquitur malè ſana ſororem.
Anna ſoror, quæ me ſuſpenſam inſomnia terrent:
Quis nouus hic noſtris ſucceſſit ſedibus hoſpes?
Quem ſeſe ore ferens? quam forti pectore, & armis?
Credo equidem (nec vana fides) genus eſſe deorum.
Degeneres animos timor arguit: heu quibus ille
Iactatus fatis? quæ bella exhauſta canebat?
Si mihi non animo fixum, immotumq́, ſederet,
Ne cui me vinclo vellem ſociare iugali,
Poſtquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;
Si non pertæſum thalami, taedaq́ fuiſſet:
Huic vni forſan potui ſuccumbere culpæ.
Anna (fatebor enim) miſeri poſt fata Sichæi
Coniugis, & ſparſos fraterna cæde penates,
Solus hic inflexit ſenſus, animumq́ labantem
Impulit. agnoſco veteris veſtigia flammæ.

But may the opening earth first swallow me
(Chaste modesty) *Iowes* Thunder make me see
The Ghosts, pale Ghosts of hell, and deaths deepe
E're I wrong thee, or thy lawes loosly slight: (night,
He that my first loue had, hath, and shall haue
All my affection buried in his graue.
So said, and bosome filld with weeping eyes;
O, more then life lou'd sister *Anne*, replies,
VVill you alone still mourning, youth outwearing,
Barre your selfe *Venus* blessing-sweets, son bearing?
Thinke you the dead like that, or soules departed?
Although no sutors, sick, while fresh griefe smarted,
No *Lybian* Lords for husbands could be priz'd,
Though euen at *Tyre Iarbas* was despisde;
And Chiefes, which *Africk* rich in Triumphs shows
VVere scorn'd, will you a loue you like oppose?
Forget you in whose coast you planted are,
Here Townes *Getulian*, men vnmatcht in warre;
Vnbrideled *Numids* there, sands on that side,
Of *Syrtis* Desert dry, and raging wide
Barcaans: not to tell warres that may tide
From *Tyre* through brothers threats ——
Friend *Iuno*, lucky gods, auspicious weather,
Sure brought these *Troian* ships in good time hither.
O what a Towne of this (sister) your eyes
May see from such a match, what Empire rise?
To what exployts, if *Troian* valour goe.
In company, may *Punicke* glory grow?
Aske you but gods good will, goe sacrifice,
And entertaining ghest with courtesies,
Quoyne causes for his stay, winter amaine
Rageth at sea, and stormy starres now reigne,

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemq; profundam;
Antè, pudor, quàm te violem, aut tua iura resolvam.
Ille meus, primus qui me sibi iunxit, amores
Abstulit, ille habeat secum, servetq; sepulcro.
Sic effata, sinum lacrymis implevit obortis.
Anna refert: ô luce magis dilecta sorori,
Solane perpetua mœrens carpere iuventa?
Nec dulces natos, Veneris nec præmia noris?
Id cinerem, aut manes credis curare sepultos?
Esto, aegram nulli quondam flexere mariti,
Non Libya, non ante Tyro despectus Iarbas,
Ductoresque alij, quos Africa terra triumphis
Dives alit: placitone etiam pugnabis amori?
Nec venit in mentem, quorum consederis arvis?
Hinc Getulæ urbes, gens insuperabile bello,
Et Numidæ infreni cingunt, & inhospita Syrtis:
Hinc deserta siti regio, lateq; furentes
Barcæi, quid bella Tyro surgentia dicam,
Germanique minas?
Dijs equidem auspicibus reor, & Iunone secunda
Hunc cursum Iliacas vento venisse carinas.
Quam tu urbem soror hanc cernes? quæ surgere regna
Coniugio tali? Teucrûm comitantibus armis
Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus?
Tu modò posce deos veniam, sacris quæ litatis
Indulge hospitio, causasque innecte morandi:
Dum pelago desævit hiems, & aquosus Orion,

Such bruiſd ſhips may not brook weather ſo foule:
Theſe words inflame the with loue burning ſoule
Giue doubtfull hopes, & bluſhing feares controule.
Firſt to the Temple Altars they repaire,
For lucke, as vſe is, ſlaine two-yeerelings are,
To *Bacchus*, *Phabus*, *Ceres*, lawgiuar,
And *Iuno* chiefe, that takes of wedlocke care,
Faire *Dido* in her right hand holds the cup,
Which in the white Cow's forehead ſhe turns vp,
Or for the gods, and their fat Altars lifts
Her dauncing lims, or day makes new with gifts,
Or in poore Beaſts cleft boſome poring pries,
With their yet panting entrailes too aduiſe:
Alas blind *Augurs*, what helpe can be had,
From holy Church, or vowes for women mad.
A ſoft-ſweete fire the marrow eates, conceald,
A greene wound in the heart is hid, not heald:
Poore *Dido* burnes in loue, out of her mind,
All o're the Towne ſhe gads, ſo the hurt Hynd,
Some ſhepheard hunting in the forreſt hit,
Vnwares, farre off, leauing, not knowing it,
His deadly arrow ſticking in her ſide,
Through woods & lawnes, o're hills & vallies hied,
Now through the ſtreetes ſhee doth *AEneas* guide,
Shewes the Townes wealth, and how tis fortified,
Offers to ſpeake, halfe vtterd words call in,
And as day ends, the ſame feaſts ſtill begin.
Againe to heare *Troyes* turmoyles fond ſhe prayes,
Hangs on his lips, depends on that he ſaies,
And parted, whē by turns, clouds, moon-light ſhade
And ſhooting ſtarres declining ſleepe perſwade,
Alone ſhe mournes, for bed on voyde floore lies,

And

Quæſtaque vates, & non tractabile cælum.
Hu dictis incenſum animum inflammauit amore:
Spemque dedit dubiæ menti, ſoluitque pudorem.
Principio delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras
Exquirunt, mactant lectas de more bidentes
Legiferæ Cereri, Phœboque, patrique Lyæo,
Iunoni ante omnes, cui vincla iugalia curæ,
Ipſa tenens dextra pateram pulcherrima Dido,
Candentis vaccæ media inter cornua fundit;
Aut ante ora deûm pingues ſpatiatur ad aras,
Inſtauratque diem donis, pecudumque reclusis
Pectoribus inhians, ſpirantia conſulit exta.
Heu vatum ignaræ mentes: quid vota furentem,
Quid delubra iuuant? eſt mollis flamma medullas
Interea, & tacitum viuit ſub pectore vulnus.
Uritur infelix Dido, totaque vagatur
Urbe furens: qualis conjecta cerua ſagitta,
Quam procul incautam nemora inter Creſſia fixit
Paſtor agens telis, liquitque volatile ferrum
Neſcius: illa fuga ſiluas, ſaltuſque peragrat
Dictæos: hæret lateri letalis arundo.
Nunc media Aeneam ſecum per mœnia ducit,
Sidoniasque oſtentat opes, urbemque paratam.
Incipit effari, mediaque in voce reſiſtit.
Nunc eadem, labente die, conuiuia quærit,
Iliacoſque iterum demens audire labores
Exoſcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.
Poſt, vbi digreſſi, lumenque obſcura vicissim
Luna premit, ſuadentque cadentia ſidera ſomnos:
Sola domo mœret vacua, ſtratiſque relictis
Incubat illum

And abſent, abſent him both heares and eyes,
Or caught with fathers ſhape in lap doth ſeate
Aſcanius, loue vnſpeakeable to cheate,
Buildings begun, riſe not, young men vntrain'd,
Nor ports for peace, nor forts for warre maintaind,
Works broken off ſtand ſtill, huge threatning wall
With ſkie-high Engen ſtands as it would fall.
When *Ioues* deere wife found her ſo plaguy ill,
That no care of her fame ſtopt her wood-will,
Thus to faire *Venus Saturns* daughter ſayes,
Large ſpoyles no doubt you get, and goodly praiſe
You, and your lad, great memorable Name,
If craft of two gods conquer one poore Dame.
Nor faild I, knowing how my Towne you feare,
And how ſuſpect high *Carthage* houſes were,
But ſhall there be no end? Why ſtill ſuch ſtrife?
Better eternall peace make man and wife,
Contract let vs, you haue your hearts deſire.
Poore *Dido* burnes with loue, her back's on fire,
Let vs in common then this people ſway,
And bleſſt, let her loue, cheriſh, and obay
This *Troian*, that for dowre theſe *Tyrians* may
Handfaſt. To her that with diſſembling heart,
She ſaw ſpake this, *Romes* Empire to conuert
To *Carthage*, *Venus* anſwerd, who would chuſe,
Vnwiſe to warre with thee, or this refuſe
Great *Iune*, ſo ſucceſſe make thy words good,
If (which I doubt) with fates decree it ſtood,
To make one Towne of *Troy* and *Tyre* if *Ioue*
Such mixing league, ſuch vnion approue,
You are his wife, his mind tis fit you moue.
O then, I am your ſeruant. *Iuno* cries,

That

illum absens absentem auditque, videtque:
Aut gremio Ascanium genitoris imagine capta,
Detinet; infandum si fallere possit amorem.
Non capta assurgunt turres: non arma iuventus
Exercet, portúsue, aut propugnacula bello
Tuta parant: pendent opera interrupta, minaque
Murorum ingentes, aquataque machina cœlo.
Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri
Cara Iouis coniux, nec famam obstare furori
Talibus aggreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis.
Egregiam vero laudem, & spolia ampla referris
Tuq; puerq; tuus, magnam & memorabile nomen:
Vna dolo diuûm si femina victa duorum est.
Nec me adeo fallit, veritam te mœnia nostra
Suspectas habuisse domos Carthaginis altæ.
Sed quis erit modus? aut quo nunc certamine tanto?
Quin potius pacem æternam, pactosq; Hymenæos
Exercemus? habes, tota quod mente petisti,
Ardet amans Dido, traxitq; per ossa furorem.
Communem hunc ergo populum, paribusq; regamus
Auspicijs, liceat Phrygio seruire marito,
Dotalesq; tua Tyrios permittere dextræ.
Olli (sensit enim simulata mente locutam,
Quo regnum Italiæ Libycas averteret oras)
Sic contra est ingressa Venus, Quis talia demens
Abnuat? aut tecum malit contendere bello?
Si modò quod memoras [illegible] fortuna sequatur.
Sed fatis incerta feror, si Iuppiter unam
Esse velit Tyrijs vrbem, Troiaq; profectis,
Miscerive probet populos, aut fœdera iungi.
Tu coniux: tibi fas animum tentare precando.
Perge: sequar. Tum sic excepit regia Iuno.

Mecum

That care be mine, but novv let vs deuiſe,
How things may come to paſſe, mark and I'le ſhevv
AEneas and vnhappy *Dido* goe
A hunting to the vvoods vvhen next dayes light
Shall ſhevv the vvorld the ſuns beams riſing bright
On them a black cloud mixt vvith haile I'le poure,
And while the fearefull troups ride ſearching o're
The woods for ſhrowds, thunder ſhall fill the ſkie;
And darke night hide the flying company
About the forreſt round, a Grot or Caue
Dido, the ſame the *Troian* chiefe ſhall haue,
Where preſent, if your mind be well made known,
In wedlocke firme I'le ioyne her for his owne,
A ioyfull wedding twill be, naught oppoſing.
Venus doth nod, and ſmiles at her found gloſing;
Meane time the ſea forſaking morning roſe,
By day break throgh the Ports, youth-choſen goes
Hays, toyls & hunting ſtaues, ſteele headed round,
Ranke riders ſtore, and deepe fleete good noſde hound,
At the Queenes lingring chamber doore, the beſt
Of *Carthage* waite, in gold and purple dreſt,
Feirce trãpling horſe ſtand champing foming bits,
At length with mighty troupe forward ſhe ſits,
Rich robe about imbrodered ſcarf ſhe weares,
At which gilt Quiuer hangs, gold curles her haires,
And golden loops, the garment tye,
Braue too the *Troi* goe ſtately by,
And glad *Iulus* [illegible] them all,
Faireſt *AEneas* ioyning troupes, doth fall
In conſort, like *Apollo*, when he rides,
From *Lycian* wintering, and *Xanthus* tides,

To

Mecum erit iste labor. nunc qua ratione, quod instat,
Confieri possit, paucis, aduerte, docebo
Venatum Aeneas, unaq; miserrima Dido
In nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus
Extulerit Titan, radijsq; retexerit orbem.
His ego nigrantem commixta grandine nimbum,
Dum trepidant alæ, saltusq; indagine cingunt,
Desuper infundam, & tonitru cælum omne ciebo,
Diffugient comites, & nocte tegentur opaca.
Speluncam Dido, dux & Troianus eandem
Deuenient, adero, & tua si mihi certa voluntas,
Connubio iungam stabili, propriamq; dicabo.
Hic Hymenæus erit. Non aduersata petenti
Annuit, atq; dolu risit Cytherea repertis.
Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit
Itportus, subare exorto, delecta iuuentus:
Retia rara, plagæ, lato venabula ferro:
Massyliq; ruunt equites, & odora canum vis.
Reginam thalamo cunctantem ad limina primi
Pœnorum exspectant: ostroq; insignis, & auro
Stat sonipes: ac frena ferox spumantia mandit.
Tandem progreditur, magna stipante caterua,
Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo:
Cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,
Aurea purpureum subnectit fibula vestem.
Nec non & Phrygij comites, & latus Iulus
Incedunt. ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnes
Infert se socium Aeneas, atq; agmina iungit.
Qualis, ubi hibernam Lyciam, Xantiq; fluenta
Deserit,

To visite Mothers *Dele*, to maske and dance
About his altars mixed *Cretans* prance,
Mad, merry *Greeks* and painted *Scythians*,
On *Cynthus* top he stalkes, his loose lockes wound
Vp in gold curls for sport with green bough cround
The arrowes clattering at his backe. like pace
Æneas went, like glory in his face,
Come to the mountaines, and wild dens vntrac't,
The put-vp kids, from craggy rocks make hast
To clamber vp the hill, while downe amaine,
Dust-raising Heards of deere, scowre ote the plaine
While in the Lawns now these now those in course
Ascanius beates, proud of swift running horse,
And for those harmeles beasts. frō hill praies come
Wild foming Boare, or Lyon fierce may come.
Mean while great thundring murmur fils the clouds
And storm with mixt hail follows, soon for shrouds
The Lords of *Tire* and *Troian* youth seeke out,
And young *Ascanius* fearefull fields about.
From hils downe torrents rush, one caue or grot,
Dido, he same the *Troian* chiefe had got:
First earth, and *Iuno* wedlocks friend, giue signes
As party to the Match, skie-lightning shines.
And fairy Nymphs houle from the highest hils,
This first day of her death, first of her ils,
Cause was, no care of State nor fame doth moue
Dido, henceforth no thought of stealing loue,
She calls it marriage, and with that faire name,
Clokes the foule fault: but quickly the ill fame
Through *Africks* Cities great goes. Fame an ill,
None fleeter, that doth grow with mouing still,
And going gathers strength, smal first throgh feare,

Forth-

——— ac Delum maternam inuisit Apollo:
Instauratq́ chores, mistiq́ altaria circum
Cretesq́ue, Dryopesq́ue fremunt, picti q́ue Agathyrsi.
Ipse iugis Cynthi graditur, mollic q́ue fluentem
Fronde premit crinem fingens, atq́ implicat auro:
Tela sonant humeris, haud illo segnior ibat
Aeneas: tantum egregio decus enitet ore.
Postquam altos ventum in montes, atq́ inuia lustra,
Ecce fera saxi deiecta vertice capra
Decurrere iugis, alia de parte patentes
Transmittunt cursu campos, atque agmina cerui
Pulueulenta fuga glomerant, montesq́ relinquunt.
At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri
Gaudet equo, iamq́ hos cursu, iam praterit illos
Spumantemq́ue dari pecora inter inertia votis
Optat aprum, aut fuluum descendere monte leonem.
Interea magno misceri murmure cœlum
Incipit: insequitur commixta grandine nimbus,
Et Tyrij comites passim, & Troiana iuuentus,
Dardanius q́ nepos Veneris diuersa per agros
Tecta metu petiere: ruunt de montibus amnes,
Speluncam Dido, dux & Troianus eandem
Deueniunt. prima & Tellus, & pronuba Iuno
Dant signum, fulsere ignes, & conscius æther
Connubij, summoq́ vlularunt vertice nymphæ.
Ille dies primus leti, primusq́ue malorum
Causa fuit. neque enim specie, famaue mouetur,
Nec iam furtiuum Dido meditatur amorem:
Coniugium vocat: hoc prætexit nomine culpam.
Extemplo Libyæ magnas it fama per vrbes,
Fama, malum, quo non aliud velocius vllum:
Mobilitate viget, viresq́ue acquirit eundo,
Parua metu primo, ——— mox

Forthwith vnto the ſkie her ſelfe doth reare,
The goe by ground in clouds doth hide her head,
Whom Mother earth, ſtird by gods wrath tis ſed,
Brought fourth *Enceladus* and *Ceius* laſt
Sifter ſwift feete and wings pernicious faſt
Th'huge dreadful moaſter hath each fether vnder
A waking eye, as many more (to wonder)
Tongues, ſpeaking mouthes, and liſtning eares
like number.
A nights, to ſweete ſleepe neuer bending eyes,
Through heauen, amidſt earthes ſhades ſhee
ſhreiking flies.
By day ſtrange ſentinell, on top ſhe ſets
Of houſe or towers high and great townes threts,
As well as vttering truthes lewd lies regrating,
Glad now ſhee fild the people with much prating,
Things done, and neuer done alike relating,
How *Dido* faire matching her ſelfe is mating
With one *AEneas* come of *Troian* blood,
But through lewd loue forgetting kingdoms good
They winter too long hugging now in ſports
Cõſume. Mens mouths fild roũd with theſe reports
The fiend to King *Iarbas* bends her courſe,
Tincenſe his mind, and raging wrath inforce.
Him *Garamas* his rauiſht daughter bare,
To *Ammon* he a hundred Temples faire,
In his large land to *Ioue* had conſecrated
A hundred Altars where Prieſts euer waited,
And holy fire ſtill burnt with blood of beaſt
Fat ſoyle, doores floriſhing with Garlands dreſt,
He mad in mind, inragde with this ill newes,
Before the Altars and the gods did vſe

This

——————— mox ſeſe attollit in auras;
Ingreditúrque ſolo, & caput inter nubila condit.
Illam terra parens, ira irritata deorum,
Extrema (vt perhibent) Coo, Enceladoque ſororem
Progenuit, pedibus celerem, & pernicibus alis,
Monſtrum horrendum, ingens: cui quot ſunt corpore plumæ,
Tot vigiles oculi ſubter, (mirabile dictu)
Tot linguæ, totidem ora ſonant; tot ſubrigit aures:
Nocte volat cæli medio, terræque per umbram,
Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina ſomno,
Luce ſedet cuſtos, aut ſummi culmine tecti,
Turribus aut altis, & magnas territat vrbes,
Tam ficti, praui quæ tenax, quàm nuntia veri.
Hæc tum multiplici populos ſermone replebat
Gaudens, & partier facta, atque infecta canebat:
Veniſſe Aeneam, Troiano à ſanguine cretum
Cui ſe pulcra viro dignetur iungere Dido.
Nunc hiemem inter ſe luxu, quam longa, fouere,
Regnorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos.
Hæc paſſim dea fœda virûm diffundit in ora:
Protinus ad regem curſus detorquet Iarbam:
Incenditque animum dictis, atque aggerat iras.
Hic Ammone ſatus, rapta Garamantide nympha,
Templa Ioui centum latis immania regnis,
Centum aras poſuit, vigilemque ſacrauerat ignem,
Excubias diuûm aternas, pecudumque cruore
Pingue ſolum, & variis florentia limina ſertis.
Isque amens animi, & rumore accenſus amaro,
Dicitur ante aras, media inter numina diuûm,

Multa

This speech on knees, with hãds vp heau'd to *Ioue*,
Almighty *Iupiter*, whom *Moores* that loue
To feast on painted beds doe honour, now
Like *Bacchus* seest thou this? or doe we bow
With vaine feare father to thy thunder strokes,
Or doe clouds empty sounds and shining smokes
Fright vs! a woman wandring vp and downe
Our Coast bought leaue to build a little towne,
She to whom lawes with land to till we gaue,
That vs to husband would not daigne to haue,
Master *AEneas* takes to Lord and marries, (*Paris*,
And now with his halfe men the spruce-chind
Whose gofferd haire newfangled cap keeps down;
Inioyes his rape, while with rich gifts we crowne
Thy Temples, fond of such fires vaine renowne.
Him plaining thus and Altars holding fast.
Th'Almighty heard, and angry looke downe cast
On the Queenes Court, and so forgetfull Louers,
Of their good name, then thus his will discouers
To *Mercury*: go sonne, call west-winds, flie
To *Troian* chiefe, that doth in *Carthage* lie,
Looking for Cities yet by fates decreed,
Respects not, post my words throgh aire with speed,
Say his faire mother no such man propos'de,
When twice in combate twice with siege encloſde
From *Greekes* we sau'd him; but one such as should
Rule *Italy* in Empire fruitefull, bould
In battels, and such race from *Troy* vnfold,
As might the whole world in awe and order hold.
If glory of so great things moue him not,
Nor his owne praise with paine and labour got,
Enuies the fire his sonne *Ascanius*

Should

Multa Iouem manibus ſupplex orasse ſupinis.
Iupiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurſia pictis
Gens epulata toris Lenæum labat honorem,
Adſpicis hæc? an te genitor, cùm fulmina torques,
Nequidquam horremus? cæciq́ue in nubibus ignes
Terrificant animos, & inania murmura miſcent?
Femina, qua noſtris errans in finibus vrbem
Exiguam pretio poſuit, cui litus arandum,
Cuiq́ue loci leges dedimus, conubia noſtra
Reppulit, ac dominum Aenean in regna recepit.
Et nunc ille Paris cum ſemiviro comitatu
Mæonia mentum mitra, crinemq́ue madentem
Subnixus, rapto potitur: nos munera templis
Quippe tua ferimus, famamq́ue fouemus inanem.
Talibus orantem dictis, araſq́ue tenentem
Audyit omnipotens, oculoſq́ue ad mœnia torſit
Regia, & oblites famæ melioris amantes.
Tunc ſic Mercurium alloquitur, ac talia mandat.
Vade age, nate, voca Zephyros; & labere pennis,
Dardanium q́ue ducem, Tyria Carthagine qui nunc
Exſpectat, fatisq́ue datas non reſpicit vrbes,
Alloquere, & celeres defer mea dicta per auras.
Non illum nobis genitrix pulcherrima talem
Promiſit, Graiumq́ue ideo bis vindicat armis;
Sed fore, qui gravidam imperijs, belloq́ue frementem
Italiam regeret, genus alto à ſanguine Teucri
Proderet, ac totum ſub leges mitteret orbem.
Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum,
Nec ſuper ipſe ſua molitur laude laborem:
Aſcanione pater Romanas invidet arces?

Quid

Should rule in *Rome*? what plots, hopes make him
In foes land linger, laying *Italy*, (thus
And all thoughts of his *Latine* off-spring by?
Get him to sea, that's all, from vs this tell,
Quoth *Iupiter*, his sonne: bevng fell
To tying on his golden winged shoes,
With which, o're sea and land aloft a goes,
Swift as a gale, the white wand in his hands,
With which he cals pale soules frō hell: cōman's
Some thither sad: giues sleep, and sleep depriues,
Eies sealing vp in death, with this a driues
The winds, and ouer clouds tempestuous swims,
Now flying tops he sees, and craggy brims
Of *Atlas* hard, whose height heauen vnderprops,
Of *Atlas*, that in foule mists eue wrops
His wooddy wind and weather beaten head,
His shoulders with deepe snow still falling spred,
Riuers runne downe his aged chin, his beard
With Iceacles all horrid, hory-hayrd.
Here first *Cyllenius* his wings plaining, stayd
Then shooting body downe, steepe stooping made,
Like Riuer hauke that late Tree, steeple high,
Now close, by fish. full brooks banke low doth flie
Cyllenes son, so comming from her father, (ther
His twigging wings, twixt heauen & earth did ga-
Ore *Africks* sandy Coast cutting the winds.
Soone as his winged feete huts touchr, he finds,
Æneas founding Castles, new house building (ding
His sword shind, set with stoues like stars and guil-
Fire-red, rich robe about his shoulders rold,
A gift faire *Dido* wrought with finest gold:
Straight to him O thou man vxorious sayes,

That

Quid struit? aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur?
Nec prolem Ausoniam, & Lauinia respicit arua?
Nauiget, haec summa est: hic nostri nuntius esto.
Dixerat: ille patris magni parere parabat
Imperio; & primum pedibus talaria nectit
Aurea: quae sublimem alis, sive aequora supra,
Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
Tum virgam capit, hac animas ille euocat Orco
Pallentes, alias sub tristia tartara mittit:
Dat somnos, adimitque, & lumina morte resignat.
Illa fretus agit ventos, & turbida tranat
Nubila, iamque volans apicem, & latera ardua cernit
Atlantis duri, caelum qui vertice fulcit;
Atlantis, cinctum assidue cui nubibus atris
Piniferum caput, & vento pulsatur, & imbri:
Nix humeros infusa tegit: tum flumina mento
Praecipitant senis, & glacie riget horrida barba.
Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis
Constitit: hinc toto praeceps se corpore ad undas
Misit, auis similis, quae circum litora, circum
Piscosos scopulos humilis volat aequora iuxta.
Haud aliter terras inter, caelumque volabat,
Litus arenosum Libyae, ventosque secabat,
Materno veniens ab auo Cyllenia proles.
Vt primum alatis tetigit magalia plantis:
Aeneam fundantem arces, ac tecta nouantem
Conspicit, atque illi stellatus iaspide fulua
Ensis erat: Tyrioque ardebat murice laena
Demissa ex humeris: diues quae munera Dido
Fecerat, & tenui telas discreuerat auro.
Continuo inuadit. Tu nunc Carthaginis alta

Funda-

That founding *Carthage* faire Town now doſt raiſe,
Forgetting thine owne State affaires, the King
Of gods, whoſe power heauen & earth can wring,
From bright *Olympus* ſends me downe to bring
Thee poſt throgh aire with ſpeed this his cõmand:
What plot's, hopes make thee linger in Foes land,
If glory of thoſe great things moue thee not,
Nor thy owne praiſe with paine and labour got,
Aſcanius riſing yet regard, and thoſe
Hopes of thy ſon and heires, to whom *Rome* owes
Empire in *Italy*: *Iollonus*
Out of his ſight as a was ſpeaking thus,
Vaniſht to ayre, the viſion ſenſeleſſe ſtrucke
Æneas mute, in throate ſpeech faltring ſtucke,
Through feare his ſtaining haire an end did ſtand,
Faine would he flie, and leaue the lou'd ſweet land,
Aſtoniſht with ſuch meſſage, gods command.
But O, how ſhall he doe? what words may win
The angry Queene? where ſhall he firſt begin
A muſing mind, now this, now that way hafting:
Reuiuing to and fro, and all doubts caſting:
At length on this as beſt opinion falls,
Mneſteus, *Sergeſtus*, ſtout *Cloanthus* calls
To rigge the Fleete, get men aboard, Armes fit,
All without noiſe, diſſembling cauſe of it.
Meane while, ere *Dido* know what they intend
Good ſoule, that hopes ſuch loue ſhall neuer end,
Himſelfe will try the beſt time Ice to breake,
And way moſt fit for his affaires to ſpeake,
They glad, obeying all, ſoone did his will.
But to deceiue a Louer, who hath skill?
Their craft, their plots, and all they goe about,

The

Fundamenta locat, pulsumque monetis urbem
Excipit, insuetæ regi, veteresque obliti fauores.
Ipse deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo
Regnator, cælum & terras qui numine torquet:
Ipse hoc ferre iubet celeres mandata per auras.
Quid struis? aut qua spe Libycis teris otia terris?
Si te nulla mouet tantarum gloria rerum,
Nec super ipse tua moliris laude labores:
Ascanium surgentem, & spes heredis Iuli
Respice; cui regnum Italiæ, Romanaque tellus
Debetur; Tuli Gallicus arce sonat,
Mortales visus medijs fraus inuoluit undis,
Et procul in tenuem ne cias tibi talia auram.
At uerò Æneas ægrum curis incensum acerbis
Corripit, quæ uenerit, & quo fatalibus hasit.
Ardet abire fuga, dulcesque relinquere terras,
Attonitus tanto monitu, imperioque deorum.
Heu quid agat? quo nunc reginam ambire furentem
Audeat affatu? quæ prima exordia sumat?
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In partesque rapit uarias, perque omnia uersat.
Hæc alternanti potior sententia visa est.
Mnesthea, Sergestumque uocat, fortemque Cloanthum:
Classem aptent taciti, sociosque ad litora cogant:
Arma parent: & quæ fuerit tam subitæ mutandi
Dissimulent: sese interea, quando optima Dido
Nescia, & tantos rumpi non sperat amores,
Tempestatum aditus, & quæ mollissima fandi
Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus, ecquis pudori
Imperio lætis paueat, ea cuncta furenti.
At regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem?)
Præsensit, motumque ægro subrepere sensit.

Omnia

The Queene ſuſpecting all-ſafe, firſt found out,
The ſame fame impious to her rage declard,
The Fleete was arming, men for ſea prepard,
She ſtormes, and witleſſe round about the towne,
Runs mad, like *Bacchus* ſhe prieſts vp & downe,
Incenſde in their Trienniall ſacrifice,
With *Bacchus* and *Cytheron* nightly cries.
At length ſhe firſt falls on *Æneas* thus,
And couldſt thou hope falſe man, to goe from vs
In ſilence, hiding ſinne ſo deteſtable?
Was not my loue? nor thy faith plighted able,
Nor the ill death *Dido* would die? to ſtay
Thy voyage, but that poſting thus away,
Thou wilt in winter, and with ſtormes vnkind,
To ſea, ſtrange lands dwellings vnknowne to find?
Aſas, if old *Troy* were to ſaile vnto,
To *Troy*, in ſea ſo growne thou wouldſt not goe.
Me flieſt thou? By theſe teares, that hand of thine
Since I haue nought elſe hapleſſe left me mine,
By our contract, halfe marriage, if of thee
I ought deſeru'd well euer, if in me
Ought pleaſde, ſome pitie let houſe falling find,
If prayers may take place, pray change this mind,
For thee all *Affricks* peoples hate I beare
Of *Numid* Kings, and *Tyrians* ill-will feare,
And chaſtity I loſt for thee the ſame,
My ſo to ſtarres extold firſt fame, good name,
For whom, O doeſt thou leaue me, dying, Gueſt,
That onely name of huſband, now doth reſt,
Why ſtay I? till *Pigmalion* ouerthrow
My Towne? Or till the *Moore Iarbas* ſhew
Me captiue? had I yet ere thou hadſt gon

By

Omnia tuta timens. eadem impia fama furenti
Detulit, armari classem, cursumque parari.
Sauit inops animi, totámque incensa per vrbem
Bacchatur: qualis commotis excita sacris
Thyas, vbi audito stimulant Trieterica Baccho
Orgia, nocturnúsque vocat clamore Cithæron.
Tandem his Aeneam compellat vocibus vltro:
Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide tantum
Posse nefas? tacitusque mea decedere terra?
Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?
Quin etiam hiberno moliris sidere classem:
Et mediis properas aquilonibus ire per altum
Crudelis: quid si non arua aliena, domósque
Ignotas peteres, & Troia antiqua manaret,
Troia per vndosum peteretur classibus æquor?
Méne fugis? per ego has lacrymas, dextramque tuam te,
Quando aliud mihi iam miseræ nihil ipsa reliqui,
Per connubia nostra, per inceptos hymenæos,
Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
Dulce meum: miserere domus labentis, & istam
Oro (si quis adhuc precibus locus) exue mentem.
Te propter Libycæ gentes, Nomadúmque tyranni
Odere infensi Tyrij: te propter eundem
Extinctus pudor, & qua sola sidera adibam,
Fama prior. cui me moribundam deseris hospes?
Hoc solum nomen quoniam de coniuge restat.
Quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum mœnia frater
Destruat? aut captam ducat Getulus Iarbas?
Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
Ante fugam soboles,

By thee, to play withall some little one,
Æneas onely looking like A child
I should not seeme so wholely left beguild,
Quoth she, On *Ioues* will he, that fixt his eyes,
Suppressing sorrow in his heart, replies
At length, thus short, faire Queene neuer will I,
Most you can speake of, your deserts deny,
Nor leaue remembring Queene *Elizabeth*,
Tll I forget my selfe, while I haue breath.
Now to the businesse, somewhat I shall say,
I neuer went about to steale away:
Inuent it not, nor hop'd to hide my going
Nor euer marriage meant, nor came a woing,
If fates would let me leade the life I would,
And as I list compose my cares, I should
Troy first affect where friends sweete reliques rest,
Priams high house should stand, and my hand blest
Another new *Troy* for the vanquisht found,
But now for *Italy* by *Phœbus* bound,
Great *Italy*, by Oracles command,
There lies my loue, and that my Country land,
If you a *Tyrian Carthage* stay to eye,
A Towne in *Afrik*, why should you enuy
Vs men of *Troy*, to plant in *Italy*,
We two for Crownes, may forraine kingdomes try,
My sire, *Anchyses* troubled ghost doth fright
Me in my sleepe, warning as oft as night
Clothes earth with dewy shades, & stars rise bright
And deere head wronged, *Ascanius* to my child
Mooues me, of Crowne and fatall lands beguild
But, lately *Hermes* sent from *Ioue* (I call (all
Both heads to witnesse, through swift aire brought

The

——si quis mihi parvulus aula
Luderet Aeneas, qui te tantum ore referret:
Non equidem omnino capta, aut deserta viderer:
Dixerat, ille Iouis monitis immota tenebat
Lumina, & obnixus curam sub corde premebat:
Tandem pauca refert: Ego te, quæ plurima fando
Enumerare vales, nunquam regina negabo
Promeritam: nec me meminisse pigebit Elissæ,
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.
Pro re pauca loquar. Nec ego hanc abscondere furto
Speraui (ne finge) fugam: nec coniugis vnquam
Prætendi tædas, aut hæc in fœdera veni.
Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam
Auspicijs, & sponte mea componere curas:
Vrbem Troianam primum, dulcesque meorum
Reliquias colerem, & Priami tecta alta manerent,
Et recidiua manu posuissem Pergama victis.
Sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo,
Italiam Lycij iussere capessere sortes.
Hic amor, hæc patria est. Si te Carthaginis arces
Phœnissam, Libycæque ad spectus detinet vrbis:
Quæ tandem, Ausonia Teucros considere terra,
Inuidia est? & nos fas extera quærere regna.
Me patris Anchisæ, quoties humentibus vmbris
Nox operit terras, quoties astra ignea surgunt,
Admonet in somnis, & turbida terret imago:
Me puer Ascanius, capitisque iniuria cari,
Quem regno Hesperiæ fraudo, & fatalibus aruis,
Nunc etiam interpres diuûm, Ioue missus ab ipso,
(Testor viramq; caput) celeres mandata per auras
Detulit:

The Gods will, I the God ſaw plaine as day,
Entring the Towne, and heard all he did ſay,
Leaue then to vexe me, and thy ſelf with plaining
I *Italy* purſue not of my ſelfe ———
By this on him thus ſpeaking with a frowne,
She lookt aueiſe, and rewling vp and downe,
Still eyes beheld him round, at laſt a fire
Burſt out, falſe-man: true *Troian* to thy Sire
Thou neuer hadſt, Nor Goddeſſe to thy mother;
But ſome hard-hearted ſtony Rocke or other
Bred thee, ſome *Scythyan* Tygres was thy Nurſe,
For why diſſemble I? or ſtay for worſe,
Not ſigh while I wept? not at all eyes mooning,
Not yeeld, orecome one Teare, nor me ſo louing
Once pitty: which to which ſhall I firſt ſettle,
Now now alas no more, *Iuno* the great
Nor *Saturnes*, ſonne beholding this is iuſt,
Whom, when, ah where ſhall any ſafely truſt.
I entertaind thee landleſſe, poore, out caſt
And witleſſe, partner in my Kingdome plact,
Loſt fleete and friends; from death reſtord to thee
O whither fired do Furies hurry me.
Apollo now forſooth, now Oracles
Now ſent from *Ioue* himſelfe, Gods *Truch-man* tels,
Their pleaſure harſh, as if thoſe higher powers
Would take ſuch paines or quiet car'd for ours.
I ſtay thee not, nor to thy pleas reply,
Goe, ſeeke Kingdomes at Sea; ſearch *Italy*
Among the winds, I truſt if ought at all
Good Gods can do, thy puniſhment ſhall fall
Among the Rocks, and thou on *Dido* call
Full oft, Ile follow in fire Funerall.

And

——— ipse deûm manifesto in lumine vidi
Intrantem muros, vocemq; his auribus hausi.
Desine meq; tuis incendere, teq; querelis.
Italiam non sponte sequor.
Talia dicentem iam dudum auersa tuetur,
Huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat,
Luminibus tacitis, & sic accensa profatur:
Nec tibi diua parens generis nec Dardanus auctor
Perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hyrcanaq; admorunt vbera tigres,
Nam quid dissimulo? aut qua me ad maiora reseruo?
Num fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumina flexit?
Num lacrymas victus dedit aut miseratus amantem est?
Quae quibus anteferam? iam iam nec maxima Iuno,
Nec Saturnius haec oculis pater aspicit aequis.
Nusquam tuta fides, eiectum littore egentem
Excepi, & regni demens in parte locaui:
Amissam classem, socios à morte reduxi.
Heu furijs incensa feror: nunc augur Apollo,
Nunc Lycia sortes, nunc & Ioue missus ab ipso
Interpres diuûm fert horrida iussa per auras.
Scilicet is superis labor est, ea cura quietos
Sollicitat, neque te teneo, nequem dicta refello.
I, sequere Italiam ventis: pete regna per vndas:
Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,
Supplicia hausurum scopulis, & nomine Dido
Saepe vocaturum: sequar atris ignibus absens:

And when cold death frō fleſh thisſoule ſhal ſeuer
A ghoſt ile haunt thee lewd man, tortur'd euer
Thou ſhalt be and I heare of it in Hell,
Then ill ayre, As theſe ſpeeches from her fell
She flies, and from his ſight flinging away,
Left him much fearing, meaning much to ſay:
Her fainting Limbs her waiting Maids conuey'd
To Chamber rich, and ſoone in ſoft bed laid,
But good *AEneas* though he fayne would eaſe
Her griefe with Comfort; wō with words appeaſe
In mind, made weake through mighty loue, much mourning
Yet doth obey Gods Will. To Fleete returning,
And then along the ſhore the *Troians* fall,
To worke, to launch their new Caryn'd ſhips tall,
Bearing aboard for Ores greene boughs and all
Rough Oke's vnwrought for haſt.
By *Gynges* from all parts one might ſee them hurry,
And as when Ants foreſeeing Winter, bury
In their ſmall hils, huge heapes of ſpoyled Corn,
The black troupe flocks a field, and often borne
The booty is through graſſe by narrow path,
Great graines to ſhoulder forward one part hath
In charge, another to conduct the ſwarme,
And puniſh faults, all parts with work wax warme.
What ſeeing this thought *Dido*, what felt ſhe
Poore ſoule, how ſight on ſhore ſuch worke to ſee
From her high Caſtle, and before her eyes,
Her whole-ſea fild ſo, with ſuch ſhooting cryes,
Vild Loue what doſt thou not mans hart compel?
Againe to weeping forc't againe, ſhe fell
To loue ſubmitting humble prayers to try,

That

Et, cùm frigida mors animā seduxerit artus,
Omnibus umbra locis adero: dabis improbe pœnas.
Audiam, & hæc manes veniet mihi fama sub imos.
His medium dictis sermonem abrumpit, & auras
Ægra fugit seque ex oculis auertit, & aufert,
Linquens multa metu cunctantem, & multa parantem
Dicere. Suscipiunt famulæ, collapsaque membra
Marmoreo referunt thalamo, stratîsq; reponunt.
At pius Æneas, quanquam lenire dolentem
Solando cupit, & dictis auertere curas,
Multa gemens, magnoq; animum labefactus amore,
Iussa tamen diuûm exsequitur, classemque reuisit.
Tum verò Teucri incumbunt, & littore celsas
Deducunt toto naues: natat uncta carina.
Frondentésque ferunt remos, & robora siluis
Infabricata fugæ studio.
Migrantes cernas, totàque ex urbe ruentes:
Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris aceruum
Cum populant, hyemis memores tectóq; reponunt:
It nigrum campis agmen prædámq; per herbas
Conuectant colle angusto: pars grandia trudunt
Obnixè frumenta humeris, pars agmina cogunt,
Castigántq; moras opere omnis semita feruet.
Quis tibi tunc Dido cernenti talia sensus?
Quósue dabas gemitus? cum littora feruere latè
Prospiceres arce ex summa, totúmque videres
Misceri ante oculos, tantis clamoribus æquor?
Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?
Ire iterum in lacrimas, iterum tentare precando
Cogitur, & supplex animos submittere amori,

That she vnprooud leaue nothing ere she dye,
See sister *Anne* to shore, how hasting heady,
They flock on all sides, sayles for wind are ready:
With streaming Flags, glad Saylors, Poope haue crownd,
Could I haue thought such sorrow to haue found,
I should haue borne it, Sister this alone
Doe for me hapleſſe, for that faithleſſe one
Loues thee, only to thee, thoughts secrets shewing
All the Mans wayes our meeting times all know-
Goe sister hnmbly say to that proud foe (ing,
With *Greekes* in *Aulys*, *Troians* ouerthrow.
I neuer vowd, nor fleece against *Troy* sent,
Nor wrong'd his sire *Anchises* ghost, nor rent
His Graue, why hard, will hee not heare a word,
O whither headlong hasts hee? yet afford
His hapleſſe Louer this last boone, hee may
For safer passage and winds fairer stay.
Now the old promised marriage which he brake
I aske not that for my sake, he forsake
Faire *Italy*, or leaue a Crowne to take
Small time space, Rest my raging to relieue,
Till my mishaps teach me o'recome to grieue,
is all I craue, oh sister pitty get
This last sute for me, death shall pay the debt,
Such woefull words she vsde, such to and fro,
The wretched sister carrid. but no woe
Mooues him, nor words at all, a gentle heares
Fates hinder, God stops the mans gentle eares.
As when North winds striuing to ouerthrow
Some old hard-hearted Oke, in full strength blow
Broad branches vp and downe, stormes blustring sound

Goes

Ne quid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat.
Anna, vides toto properari littore circum:
Vndique conuenere: vocat iam carbasus auras
Puppibus & læti nauta imposuere coronas.
Hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem,
Et perferre, soror, potero: misera hoc tamen vnum
Exsequere, Anna mihi: solam nam perfidus ille
Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus
Sola viri molles aditus, & tempora noras.
I soror, atque hostem supplex affare superbum.
Non ego cum Danais Troianam exscindere gentem
Aulide iuraui classemue ad Pergama misi,
Nec patrio Anchisæ cineres, manesue reuelli.
Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in aures?
Quò ruit? extremum hoc misera det munus amanti,
Expediat facilemque fugam ventósq; ferentes:
Non iam coniugium antiquum, quod prodidit ore:
Nec pulchro vt Latio careat: regnumq relinquat.
Tempus inane peto, requiem spatiumque furori,
Dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolore,
Extremam hanc oro veniam, (miserere sororis)
Quam mihi cum dederis, cumulatam morte relinquam.
Talibus orabat, talésque miserrima fletus
Fértque, refértque soror. sed nullis ille mouetur
Fletibus, aut voces illas tractabilis audit.
Fata obstant, placidâsque viri deus obstruit aures.
Ac veluti annosam valido cum robore quercum
Alpini Boreæ nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc
Eruere inter se certant, it stridor, & altè

Goes farre, Trunke shaken, bowes deepe strow the ground,
Yet fast in Rock the Tree sticks, for as high
As the proud top growes toward Heauen, as nigh
The Rootes runne downe to Hell. *AEneas* so
With frequent Messages tost too and fro,
And torne in his great heart doth feele much pain,
Yet mind stands firme, & teares are shed in vaine.
Fate-frighted hapless *Dido* then doth pray,
For death, loth more to looke on heauen or day,
And more to make her desperate, mind to dye,
Fearefull to tell, late sacrificing by
The Incense burning Altars, as she stood
Black holy water grew, to filthy blood,
The pourd Wine turnd, this sight she told to none,
Not to her Sister. In her house of stone,
A Temple too she had, of former Spouse,
By her much Reuerenc't with holy bowes,
And Snow-white Wooll adorn'd, whence oft shee heares
A voyce that like her husbands call appeares,
When darke night holds the World. The ellenge Owle,
Oft on her house-top dismall tunes did houle,
Lamenting wofull notes at length outdrawing,
And many former Fortune-tellers, awing
Forewarnings fright; *AEneas* too in Dreames
Makes her runne mad, left by her selfe, she seemes
Alone, some vncouth foule long way to haue taken
Tyrians to seeke in desert Land forsaken.

So.

Conſternunt terram concuſſo ſtipite frondes:
Ipſa hæret ſcopulis, & quantum vertice ad auras
Aethereas, tantum radice in tartara tendit
Haud ſecus aſſiduis hinc, atque hinc, vocibus heros
Tunditur, & magno perſentit pectore curas,
Mens immota manet, lacryma volumtur inanes.
Tum verò infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat: tædet cæli convexa tueri
Quo magis inceptum peragat, lucemque relinquat
Vidit, thuricremis cum dona imponeret aris,
(Horrendum dictu) latices nigreſcere ſacros,
Fuſáque in obſcœnum ſe vertere vina cruorem,
Hoc viſum nulli, non ipſi affata ſorori eſt.
Præterea fuit in tectis de marmore templum,
Coniugis antiqui, miro quod honore colebat,
Velleribus niveis, & feſta fronde revinctum:
Hinc exaudiri voces, & verba vocantis
Viſa viri, nox cùm terras obſcura teneret:
Solúque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
Sæpe queri, & longas in fletum ducere voces.
Multáque præterea vatum prædicta priorum
Terribili monitu horrificant, agit ipſe furentem
In ſomnis ferus Æneas: ſemperque relinquit
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam, & Tyrios deſerta quærere terra.

So troopes of Furies, *Pentheus* in his rage
Beholds too ſonnes, and double *Thebes* on ſtage,
So toſt *Oreſtes*, *Agamemnons* ſonne,
From mother arm'd with ſnakes & brands doth runne,
While at his doore hell hags reuengefull reſt,
Orecome with griefe, with furies ſo poſſeſt,
Dido reſolues to dye, and when ſhe had
Caſt when and how, thus ſaid to Siſter ſad,
Fayre hopefull lookes hiding a purpoſe bad,
I haue found out a way ſiſter, ioy bid
To make him louing me, elſe of him rid,
Nere the Seas vtmoſt bound where ſun doth ſet,
From furtheſt *Ethiops* Land where *Atlas* great,
Wheele fit for burning Starres, turnes with his ſhoulder
A *Maſſyle* Shee-prieſt is to me the vnfoulder,
That is the *Heſperides* fayre Temple-houlder,
And feedes the Dragon, ſacred boughs to keepe
With honny ſops and poppy ſauce for ſleepe,
She vndertakes what minds ſhe liſt to cure
With charmes force others loues hard paines endure,
Stay Riuers, turne back ſtarres, make mortals Meete
Hob-goblins, or earth grone vnder their feete,
And Trees ſtalke downe from Hils: deere Siſter all
The Gods and thee, and thy ſweete head I call
To witneſſe for't, I try Art Magicks power
Goe you and in ſome inner open Tower
Make ſecret fire, the mans ſword that in our
Bed-chamber hangs, and all hee left lay on

With

Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,
Et ſolem geminum, & duplices ſe oſtendere Thebas:
Aut Agamemnonius ſcenis agitatus Orestes,
Armatam facibus matrem, & ſerpentibus atris
Cùm fugit, vltricésq; ſedent in limine Diræ.
Ergo, vbi concepi furias euicta dolore,
Decreuitq; mori, tempus ſecum ipſa modúmq;.
Exigit, & mœſtam dictis aggreſſa ſororem
Conſilium vultu tegit, ac ſpem fronte ſerenat.
Inueni, germana, viam (gratare ſorori)
Quæ mihi reddat eum, vel eo me ſoluat amantem.
Oceani finem iuxta, ſolémque cadentem
Vltimus Æthiopum locus eſt vbi maximus Atlas
Axem humero torquet ſtellis ardentibus aptum.
Hinc mihi Maſſyla gentis monſtrata ſacerdos,
Heſperidum templi cuſtos, epulásque draconi
Quæ dabat, & ſacros ſeruabat in arbore ramos,
Spargens humida mella ſoporiferúmque papauer.
Hæc ſi carminibus promittit ſoluere mentes,
Quas velit, aſt alijs duras immittere curas,
Siſtere aquam fluuijs, & vertere ſidera retro,
Nocturnóſque ciet manes, mugire videbis
Sub pedibus terram, & deſcendere montibus ornos:
Teſtor, cara, Deos, & te germana, tuúmque
Dulce caput, magicas inuitam accingier artes.
Tu ſecreta pyram tecto interiore ſub auras
Erige & arma viri, thalamo quæ fixa reliquit
Impius,

ex-

With wedding bed wherein I was vndone,
The ſhewing Shee-prieſt wils that euery token,
Of the lewd man be burnt, ſhe ceaſt this ſpoken,
All deadly pale, yet *Anne* no funerall,
In theſe new rites ſo cloak't ſuſpects at all,
Nor ſiſter halfe ſo mad imagineth
Nor worſe can feare then in firſt husbands death,
She therefore doth her will ——————
But now in one of th'inner open Towers, (ers,
Huge fier of Pine & Wainescote made, with flow-
The Queene the place ſtrewd, and with Funerall
Wreaths crown'd, then on ſhee layes the ſword, and all
AEneas left, and in the bed alas,
His picture knowing what ſhould come to paſſe.
Shee-prieſt with Haire looſe altars round about,
Three hundred names of gods doth thunder out
Hell, Chaos, and the threefold *Hecate*,
Moones Powers, or Mayd *Dianas* faces three,
Then water powers, *Auernus* counterfetting
Ripe herbes with Braſſe Sithe mowed, by moon-light getting,
With milke of poyſon blacke, *Hippoman* torne
From vnlickt forehead of the Fole new-borne,
The Mares fore-rauiſht loue.
Herſelfe with holy Lampe neere Altars ſide,
In pure hands one foote bare, and Cloths vntide,
Dying to witneſſe calls or coniureth
The Gods and ſtarres acquainted with her death,
Then mindfull prayes iuſt powers if any are,
That of vnequall tyde Louers take care,
Twas night, and in the world limbs weary tooke Sweete

——exuuiásque omnes lectúmque iugalem,
Quo perij, ſuper imponi, abolere nefandi
Cuncta viri monumenta iubet, mentíratque ſacerdos.
Hac effata ſilet: pallor ſimul occupat ora,
Non tamen Anna nouis prætexere funera ſacris
Germanam credit, nec tantos mente furores
Concipit aut grauiora timet quàm morte Sichæi.
Ergo iuſſa parat.
At regina, pyra penetrali in ſede ſub auras
Erecta ingenti, tedis atque ilice ſecta,
Intenditque locum ſertis, & fronde coronat
Funerea: ſuper exuuias, enſémque relictum,
Effigiémque toro locat, haud ignara futuri.
Stant aræ circum, & crines effuſa ſacerdos
Tercentum tonat ore Deos, Herebúmq; Chaóſq;,
Tergemináque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.
Sparſerat & latices ſimulatos fontis Auerni,
Falcibus & meſſa ad lunam quæruntur ahenis
Pubentes herbæ nigri cum lacte veneni.
Quæritur, & naſcentis equi de fronte reuulſus,
Et matri prærepti amor.
Ipſa mola, manibúſque pijs altaria iuxta,
Vnum exuta pedem vinclis, in veſte recincta,
Teſtatur moritura deos, & conſcia fati
Sidera, tum ſi quod non æquo fœdere amantes
Curat numen habet, iuſtúmque memórque precatur.
Nox erat, & placidum carpebant feſſa ſoporem
Corpora per terras:

fol.

Sweete reſt, no winds, woods or ſeas raging ſhook
When ſtarres were turn'd halfe downe and euery field.
Was ſtill, beaſts, painted birds, and all that held
Large liquid Lakes, or buſh-rough thickets lay,
A ſleepe in ſilent night, toyles of the day
Forgetting, at hearts eaſe, but not in mind,
Vnhappy *Dido* ſhe no ſleepe could find,
Her breſt no reſt, her ſight no night receiu'd,
But care encreas'd, and when ſhee roſe more grieu'd,
Loue rag'd, and with great tide of choller ſwelling,
Thus ſhe inſiſts in heart, thus falls a telling.
What ſhall I doe? ſhall I the wooers woe,
Whom firſt I mockt, or humbly ſeeke vnto
The *Numid* match which I diſdaind ſo ſtill,
Or follow *Troians* fleete and their laſt will
So well I ſped: my firſt good turnes haue wonne
So much? ſo long they mind old fauors done,
But who will let me ſay I would abord
To take me ſcornd, which proud ſhip will afford
Ah knew'ſt thou not? feelſt thou not yet forlorne,
How falſe *Laomidons* Race is forſworne?
What then? with ſinging ſaylors ſhall I flye
Alone? or chaſe them with whole company
Of *Tyrians* ſtrong, and whom I got ſcarce well,
From *Tyre* againe to Sea to faile compell.
Dye rather, let deſeru'd death griefe aſwage,
You ſiſter with my teares wonne in my rage,
You firſt theſe ills brought on me to this Foe
Subiected, mateleſſe then I might not ſo

Like

——— siluaque & saua quierant
Aequora: cùm medio volùuntur sidera lapsu:
Cùm tacet omnis ager: pecudes pictaque volucres
Quaeque lacus latè liquidos, quaeque aspera dumis
Rura tenent, somno posita sub nocte silenti
Lenibant curas, & corda oblita laborum.
At non infelix animi Phœnissa, nec vnquam
Soluitur in somnos, oculisue, aut pectore noctem
Accipit, ingeminant curae, rursúsque resurgens
Sauit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat aestu.
Sic adeò insistit, secúmque ita corde volutat:
En quid agam? rursus nc procos irrisa priores
Experiar? Nomadúmque petam connubia supplex,
Quos ego sim totiesiam dedignata, maritos?
Iliacas igitur classes atque vltima Teucrûm
Iussa sequar? quia ne auxilio iuuat ante leuatos?
Et bene apud memores veteri stat gratia facti?
Quis me autem (fac velle) sinet, ratibúsque superbis
Irrisam accipiet? nescis heu perdita, nec dum
Laomadontea sentis periuria gentis?
Quid tum? sola fuga nautas comitabor ouantes,
An Tyrijs, omníque manu stipata meorum
Insequar, & quos Sidonia vix vrbe reuelli,
Rursus agam pelago, & ventis dare vela iubebo
Quin morere, vt merita es, ferróque auerte dolorem,
Tu lacrymis euicta meis tu prima furentem
His germana malis oneras, atque obijcis hosti.
Non licuit thalami expertem sine crimine vitam
Degere more fera?

ta-

Like Turtle liue, blameleſſe and neuer know
Theſe cares, but keepe faith promis'd, Huſband dead.
Sueh ſhe in heart, broken plaints vttered.
But in tall ſhip, ſure now reſolu'd to goe,
AEneas ſlept, things ready right in ſhew.
The ſame God looking like againe appeares
To him in dreame, warning he thinkes, he heares
Like *Mercury* in all, ſpeech hue, and haire
So yellow, limbs ſo handſome youthfull were,
Sleepe canſt thou Goddeſſe ſonne in ſuch a caſe,
Fond ſeeſt thou not what dangers thee imbrace,
Doſt thou not heare how happy good winde blowes,
Plots *Dido* in her heart, miſchieuous ſowes,
Reſolu'd to dye, ſtrange tyde of Choller flowes,
Fly then in haſt, while power to haſt thou haſt,
The ſea ſoone ful of maſts, fierce flames thou maiſt
Behold of ffre all ready, all on ſhore,
If day on this Land take thee lingring more
Diſpatch. A woman ſtrange, falſe fickle thing
Still is, quoth he in darke night vaniſhing.
But frighted with the Dreame, *AEneas* then
Rouſing himſelfe from ſleepe. calls vp his men
Wake haw, haſt ſonnes, fall to your Ores amain.
Hoiſt ſayles. the God from high Heauen ſent againe
To poſt away, and Cables cut ſpurs me,
And ſo we will good God, who ere thou be,
We follow glad obeying thy command,
Come O come helpe vs pleas'd on thy right hand,

Stars

——————tales nec tangere curas?
Non seruata fides, cineri promissa Sichæo?
Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore questus.
Aeneas celsa in puppi, iam certus eundi,
Carpebat somnos, rebus iam rite paratis.
Huic se forma Dei vultu redeuntis eodem
Obtulit in somnis: rursúsque ita visa monere est,
Omnia Mercurio similis vocémque, colorémque
Et crines flauos & membra decora iuuenta:
Nate dea, potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos?
Nec, qua circumstent te deinde pericula, cernis
Demens? nec Zephyros audis spirare secundos?
Illa dolos, dirúmque nefas in pectore versat,
Certa mori, varióque irarum fluctuat æstu.
Non fugis hinc præceps dum præcipitare potestas?
Iam mare turbari trabibus, fauasque videbis
Collucere faces, iam feruere litora flammis,
Si te his attigerit terris aurora morantem.
Eia age rumpe moras: varium, & mutabile semper
Fœmina. sic fatus, nocti se immiscuit atræ.
Tum verò Aeneas subitis exterritus vmbris,
Corripit è somno corpus, socioséque fatigat:
Præcipites vigilate viri, & considite transtris:
Soluite vela citi, deus æthere missus ab alto
Festinare fugam, tortósque incidere funes,
Ecce iterum stimulat, sequimur, te sancte, deorum
Quisquis es, imperióque iterum paremus ouantes.
Adsis ô placidúsque iuues,

Stars lucky ſhew, ſaid he, and ſword like thunder
Flaſhing, drew forth and hauſers hew'd in ſunder,
Like heate had all, they hale, haſt farewe'l bid
The ſhore the ſea, vnder their fayles lies hid,
Their ſtrokes together force ſome blew ſeas bruſhing,
And now on earth firſt caſting freſh light bluſhing,
Aurora Tythons yellow Couch-bed leaues,
When *Dido* from her watch tower firſt perceiues
Daylight breake white, the Fleete in order ſayling,
Coaſt cleere, no Ships in empty port, then wayling,
Her faire breſt oft ſhe ſmit, and from her hed,
Tearing gold haire. Oh *Iupiter* ſhe ſed,
And ſhall this ſtranger goe thus ieering hence,
Mocking my Laud, in armes is there no ſence,
May not my whole Townes forces after make,
And Fleete with Fleete, with ſhips ſhips ſpoyling take:
Goe quicke, fire, fight, ſayle, row, what iſt I ſpeake,
Where am I? am I mad? vnhappy weake
Queene *Dido*, moou'd with this lewd part of his,
Now art thou toucht? thou ſhouldſt haue thought of this
When King thou madſt him, ſee the troth and faith
Of him that country Gods in Conſort hath,
Men ſay the goodman on whoſe ſhoulders borne,
Syre aged was, Oh that I could haue torne

That

——————& sidera cælo
Dextra feras dixit, vaginaque eripit ensem
Fulmineum, strictóque ferit retinacula ferro.
Idem omnes simul ardor habet, rapiúntq́, ruúntq́
Littora deseruere: lat et sub classibus aequor:
Adnixi torquent spumas, & cærula verrunt.
Et iam prima nouo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquíens Aurora cubile.
Regina è speculis vt primúm albescere lucem
Vidit, & aequatis classem procedere velis,
Litoraque, & vacuos sensit sine remige portus;
Terquè quaterquè manu pectus percussa decorum,
Flauantesque abscissa comas, pro Iupiter, ibit
Hic, ait, & nostris illuserit aduena regnis?
Non arma expedient, totaque ex vrbe sequentur,
Diripientqúe rates aũ naualibus? ite,
Ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos.
Quid loquor? aut vbi sum? qua mentem insania mutat?
Infelix Dido, nunc te fata impia tangunt.
Tum decuit, cùm sceptra dabas. en dextra, fidesque,
Quem secum patrios aiunt portare penates,
Quem subũsse humeris consectum ætate parentem,
Non potui abreptum diuellere corpus, & vndis
Spargere?

nedũ

That flesh of his, and carkasse cast to fishes,
Kild friends, or slaine *Ascanius*, and in Dishes
For Father to haue fed on, set the Lad.
But warres chance doubtfull had beene. Would it had.
Whom feard, I dying, I had set on fire
Cabins, fild Decks with flames, and sonne and sire,
And race destroyed, my selfe and all vndone,
Oh all earths workes with light suruaying Sunne,
And thou these cares Interpreter, all-knower
Iuno, thou *Hecate* by night way goer
So hallow'd, yee reuengefull powers all,
And guilty Starres of dying *Didoes* fall,
Heare this, and with mishaps deseru'd grace, giue
My prayer, if needs this naughty man must liue
To Port, on Land, in *Italy* to get,
If *Ioues* decrees such end haue set, Oh yet
By people bold in battell vext, through warre
Banisht from home, from sonnes imbracement farre,
Ayd let him beg, friends base deaths let him see
And yeelding to vnequall peace-lawes he
Nor Kingdome nor wisht life inioy, but dye
Vntimely, and in dirt vnburied lye
I pray, this last wish I with bloud powre out,
And you oh *Tyrians*, let your of-spring stout,
Hate his, this comfort send me to my graue,
Noe Loue, no good league let his people haue,
But from my bones may some reuenger spring,
With fire and sword *Troian* Race following,
Now and in times to come of power and might,
Shore against shore, seas to seas opposite,

Curst

——— non ſocios? non ipſum abſumere ferro
Aſcanium, patriiſq; epulandum apponere menſis?
Vcrium anceps pugna fueras fortuna, fuiſſet,
Quem metui moritura? faces in caſtra tuliſſem:
Impleſſemq; foros flammis, natumque patremque
Cum genere extinxem: memet ſuper ipſa dediſſem
Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia luſtras,
Tuque harum interpres curarum, & conſcia Iuno,
Nocturniſque Hecate triuijs vlulata per vrbes,
Et diræ vltrices, & dij morientis Eliſſæ,
Accipite hæc, meritumque malis aduertite numen:
Et noſtras audite preces ſi tangere portus
Infandum caput, ac terris adnare neceſſe eſt.
Et ſi fata Ioui poſcunt: hic terminus hæret,
At bello adnacis populi vexatus, & armis,
Finibus extorris, complexu auulſus Iuli,
Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna ſuorum
Funera, nec cùm ſub leges pacis iniquæ
Tradiderit, regno, an optata luce fruatur,
Sed cadat ante diem, mediaque inhumatus arena.
Hæc precor, hanc vocem extremam cum ſanguine fundo.
Tum vos ô Tyrij ſtirpem, & genus omne futurum
Exercete odijs, cinerique hæc mittite noſtro
Munera: nullus amor populis, nec fœdera ſunto.
Exoriare aliquis noſtris ex oſſibus vltor.
Qui face Dardanos ferioque ſequare colonos,
Nunc olim quocunque dabunt ſe tempore vires,
Litora litoribus contraria fluctibus undas
Imprecor,

Curſt ſwords with ſwords, may childrens childrens
fight,
Thus ſaying and on all ſides caſting thought,
To end a loathed life, forthwith ſhe ſought
Straight to *Sythæus* Nurſe, Barce ſhe ſed,
For in old country Land her owne was ded,
Deere Nurſe, my ſiſter *Nan*, cauſe to come hither,
Bid her firſt waſht in running ſtreames together,
Bringing the cattell, and the offring ſhowne,
Come you with holy vaile, ore your head thrown,
To ſacrifice to *Pluto*, I intend
Rites well begunne, prepar'd my cares to end,
And *Troian* to hel-fire in picture ſend
She ſaid, old diligence her pace did mend,
But *Dido* quaking through fierce purpoſe wild,
Lookes bloody, caſting trembling cheeks defild,
With ſpots ſtreak't pale as death, through death
to come,
Brake through houſe inner doores, and furious
clombe,
The high pild fire and *Troian* ſword did draw,
Gift beg'd for no ſuch vſe, heere when ſhe ſaw
AEneas cloaths and bed ſhe too well knew,
A while ſhe muſing paus'd, wept, then threw
Her ſelfe vpon it, and theſe laſt words ſpake.
Sweete ſpoyles, while God and Fates ſo ſuffered
take
This breath, and cleere my cares my dayes are
done,
Of life the Glaſſe courſe Fortune gaue is runne;
And vnder earth now ſhadow great of me
Shall goe, braue Towne I purpos'd, and did ſee

The

[illegible] arma armis pugnent ipsique nepotes,
Hæc ait, & partes animum versabat in omnes,
Invisam quaerens quam primùm abrumpere lucem.
Tum breviter Barcen nutricem affata Sichæi:
Namq; suam patria antiqua cinis ater habebat.)
Annam cara mihi nutrix hue siste sororem:
Dic, corpus properet fluviali spargere lympha:
Et pecudes secum, & monstrata piacula ducat.
Sic veniat hùcque ipsa pia tege tempora vitta.
Sacra Iovi Stygio quæ rité incepta paravi,
Perficere est animus, finémque imponere curis,
Dardaniq; rogum capitis permittere flammæ.
Sic ait: illa gradum studio celerabat anili.
At trepida, & cœptis immanibus effera Dido
Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque rubentes
Interfusa genas, & pallida morte futura,
Interiora domus irrumpit limina & altos
Conscendit furibunda rogos, ensemque recludit
Dardanium, non hoc quæsitum munus in usus.
Hic postquam Iliacas vestes notumque cubile
Conspexit, paulum in lachrymis & mente morata,
Incubuitque toro dixitque novissima verba:
Dulces exuviæ, dum fata deúsque sinebant,
Accipite hanc animam, meque his exsoluite curis.
Vixi & quem dederat cursum fortuna peregi:
Et nunc magna mei sub terris ibit imago.
Urbem præclaram statui:

The wals, reueng'd for husbands death I made
Foe brother ſuffer paines, *Pygmaleon* payd
Happie, thrice happie had I beene, and more
Had only *Troy* ſhips neuer toucht my ſhore
She ſaid; kiſsing the bed, and ſhall we thus
Die vnreuenged? but yet die let vs
She ſaid thus, thus it pleaſeth to expire
Let *Troians* cruell eyes draw in this fire
From farre, and with him our deaths il-luck beare
She had ſed, when her women waiting there,
Behold her fallen on the ſword, that lyes
Foming with bloud, hir hãds all ſmeard, their cries
Fil court, through town, amazd Fame mad doth go
With mourning ſighs, and womens howling woe,
Roofes ring, the ſkyes with cryes of ſorrow ſound,
As if all *Carthage*, or old *Tyre* to ground,
Were raſing by foes entred in their Ire,
Houſes of men and Gods ſetting on fire:
This ſiſter heard nere dead, and fearefull paſe,
Beating her breſts with fiſts, with nayles her face
Defacing, ſcard ſhe Ruſhes through them all,
And on her dying by her name doth call.
Ah ſiſter was it this? me to beguile,
Was this the holy fire and Altars wile.
Oh what ſhall I complaine of firſt forlorne,
A ſiſters Confort dying didſt thou ſcorne,
Cald to the ſame fate hadſt thou, both had our
Laſt grieu'd on one ſword, in one hapleſſe howre.
And muſt I make the fire? muſt I ſo pray,
Gods cruell ar thy death to be away,
Me ſiſter, and thy ſelfe thou didſt vndoe,
The Commons, Aldermen, and Citty too,

Water

——— mea mania vidi:
Vlta virum pœnas inimico à fratre recepi.
Felix, heu nimium felix, si littora tantum
Numquam Dardanias tetigissent nostra carinæ.
Dixit & os impressa toro, moriemur inultæ:
Sed moriamur, ait: sic sic iuuat ire sub umbras.
Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
Dardanus, & nostræ secum ferat omina mortis.
Dixerat: atque illam media inter talia ferro
Collapsam adspiciunt comites, ensémque cruore
Spumantem, sparsásque manus it clamor ad alta
Atria: concussam bacchatur fama per urbem.
Lamentis gemitúque, & fœmineo, vlulatu
Tecta fremunt: resonat magnis plangoribus æther:
Non aliter, quàm si immissis ruat hostibus omnis
Carthago, aut antiqua Tyros, flammæque furentes
Culmina perque hominum volvantur, vérque deorum.
Audiit exanimis, trepidóque exterrita cursu,
Vnguibus ora soror fœdans, & pectora pugnis
Per medios ruit, ac morientem nomine clamat,
Hoc illud germana fuit? me fraude petebas?
Hoc rogus iste mihi, hoc ignes, aræque parabant?
Quid primùm deserta queras? comitem ne sororem
Spreuisti moriens? eadem me ad fata vocasses:
Idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora tulisset.
Hæ etiam struxi manibus, patriósque vocaui
Voce deos? sic te vt posita crudelis abessem?
Extinxite, meque soror, populumque patrésque
Sidonios, vrbémque tuam date,

 ——— vulnera

Water. The wound ile wash and if breath last.
Last breath from mouth, with mouth take said
she, past
Stayre Top, in armes sister halfe dead she takes
And weepes, and sighs, from cloaths the blacke
bloud shakes.
She lifting vp her heauie eyes doth sound
Againe, wind whizzes in breasts deadly wound,
Thrice she her selfe, on elbow leaning rais'd,
Thrice fell back on the bed, eyes wandring gaz'd
To secke the light, shee mourn'd to finde deepe
groning,
Her paines so long, and death so hard bemoning.
Almighty *Iuno* downe did *Iris* send
Her strugling soule and sinewes strong to vnbend,
For nor by fate nor death deserv'd, in Age
Vntimely dying wretch through sudden rage,
Proserpina yet had not cut her hayre
So yellow, nor to hell damn'd face so faire,
The saffron-wing'd wet Rainebow therfore hasts
That gau'st the Sunne, thousand strange colours
casts,
And lighting on her head, sayes I from this
Body thee free, thus sacrifice to *Dis*
Inioynd, so clips her haire, and therewithall
Breath-flitting-life heat, doth to ashes fall.

The ende.

[redacted] vulnera lymphis
Abluam, & extremus si quis, super hallitus errat,
Ore legam. sic fata, gradus euaserat altos,
Simianimemque sinu germanam amplexa fouebat
Cum gemitu, atque atros siccabat veste crunores.
Illa grauis oculos conata attollere, rursus
Deficit: infixum stridet sub pectore vulnus.
Ter sese attollens, cubitóque innixa leuauit:
Ter reuoluta toro est, oculísque errantibus alto
Quæsiuit cœlo lucem, ingemmítque reperta.
Tum Iuno omnipotens longum miserata dolorem
Difficiléque obitus, Irim demisit olympo:
Qua luctantem animam, nexosque resolueret artus
Nam, quia nec fato, merita nec morte peribat,
Sed misera ante diem, subitóque accensa furore,
Nondum illi flauum Prosperpina vertice crinem
Abstulerat, Stygiòque caput damnauerat Orco.
Ergo Iris croceis per cœlum roscida pennis,
Mille trahens varios aduerso sole colores
Deuolat, & supra caput astitit hunc ego Diti
Sacrum iussa fero, téque isto corpore soluo,
Sic ait, & dextra crinem secat: omnis & vnà
Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit.

FINIS.